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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,  
Editor and Publisher.

CAUSES OF DIVORCE.

More than thirty causes of divorce are recognised by the statutes of the different States. In South Carolina not one has been obtained. In Virginia there are three causes, namely: natural and incurable impotency at the time of the marriage, adultery, and bigamy. In Alabama, adultery, or two years' abandonment. In Rhode Island, impotency, adultery, extreme cruelty, wilful desertion for the space of five years, continued drunkenness, neglect of the husband to provide necessities for the subsistence of the wife, gross misbehavior and wickedness, repugnance to the marriage contract. In New Jersey, divorce is granted for prior existing marriage, adultery, and wilful absence for five years. In Vermont, for nonage, mental incapacity, impotency, force or fraud, adultery, confinement in the State Prison for three years or more, intolerable severity, wilful desertion for three years, absence for seven years unheard of, and where the husband, being of ability, grossly and wantonly neglects to provide for his wife. In Maine, for adultery, impotency, desertion for five years, joining the Shakers for five years, confinement in the State Prison of any of the United States for five years, fraud in obtaining the consent of the other party, habitual drunkenness for three years; a marriage with an Indian or mulatto is void; and imprisonment for felony in the State, works a divorce without any judicial proceeding. In Kentucky, for habitual drunkenness, condemnation for felony, cruelty of the husband, and for several other causes which we forbear to mention. In Illinois, for impotency, adultery, wilful desertion for two years, extreme cruelty, habitual drunkenness for two years. In Missouri, for adultery, wilful desertion for two years, conviction of an infamous crime, habitual drunkenness for two years, cruel treatment endangering life, intolerable indignities, repugnance of the husband. In Iowa, the same causes exist as in Missouri, to which is superadded, "when the parties cannot live in peace and happiness, and their welfare requires a separation." The law of Arkansas is the same as in Missouri, except that one year's absence is sufficient to free the abandoned party from the bonds of marriage. In Tennessee and Mississippi the law is nearly similar; while in Florida, to like enactments are added habitual *abuse of violent and unmerciful temper* for one year, or drunkenness, or desertion for one year. In North Carolina, impotency, adultery, abandonment, turning the wife out of doors, cruelty or indignity on the part of the husband, or any *other just cause*. In Texas, impotency, excess, or cruel treatment, or outrages, or desertion for three years; the husband may have a divorce for the adultery of the wife, and the wife when the husband abandons her and lives in adultery. In Maryland the law is the same as in New York, except that abandonment and three years' absence from the State is a cause of divorce. In Georgia, the old English ecclesiastical law governs. In New Hampshire and Ohio, similar laws to those of Vermont prevail. Extreme cruelty and absence for three years are causes for divorce. Delaware, to which Pennsylvania has added intolerable indignities. Congress has never conferred the power to grant divorce upon the courts in the District of Columbia.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE VATICAN MS. OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(From the London Correspondent of the Christian Standard.)

The Biblical critics among your readers will be gratified to learn that the Vatican Manuscript, the most famous codex of the original Scriptures of the New Testament, will shortly be made available to scholars at a reasonable price. The Vatican Manuscript, edited by Cardinal Mai, contains not only the New Testament, but also the Septuagint version of the Old Testament Scriptures, and is comprised in five folio volumes. The first four contain the Old, and the fifth the New Testament, and the only means of obtaining the former is by purchasing the entire work at the cost of about fifty dollars. The *Old Testament* of the New Testament will soon be printed in London, verbatim from the Roman edition recently published, at the price of only twelve shillings per copy. This Manuscript is believed to be the most ancient in existence, and modern Biblical critics assign its date to the middle of the fourth century. Its history is involved in impenetrable obscurity, and no one can tell at what period it was first placed on the shelves of the Vatican, but early in the sixteenth century it was generally known throughout Europe as the most venerable manuscript of the New Testament. It has always been jealously guarded, and its contents concealed from vulgar gaze. When Dr. Bentley contemplated an edition of the Greek Testament in 1721, he visited Rome, hoping to obtain permission to collate the Codex Vaticanus, but was denied access to the manuscript. In 1842, Cardinal Mai showed Professor Theodor of the printed text now recently published. More than thirty years since the writer was favored with a view of this ancient manuscript. It is written on this vellum, and the letters are all simple, and devoid of ligatures; the words are all simple, and devoid of ligatures.

## EVERETT AS A SCHOOL-BOY ORATOR.

A writer in the *Presbyterian* says: "Mr. Everett looks so large in the eye of the public at the present time, that nothing about him is worth notice. He was born in Falmouth, Maine, on the 1st of April, 1784, and brought up in the family, a man of more than common culture, and highly esteemed for his personal worth and talents. He was educated for the law, and written by Mr. Harris, to be spoken at an exhibition by his little friend Edward, who was already distinguished by his mental precocity. The expression 'Be roan' applies to the color of Edward Everett's hair: "

## THE LITTLE ORATOR.

Pray, how should I, a little lad,  
Behave myself in the scope to win?

You're only joking, I'm afraid—  
Do wait till I am bigger.

But, since you wish to hear my part,  
And urge me to begin it,

I'll strive for pride with all my heart.

It's well to like, how far John

And every night and every morn,

He watered and fed, sir.

Said neighbor John to farmer John,

"Arnt you a silly dog, sir,

To have such time and trouble upon

A little dog as this?"

Said farmer John to neighbor John,

"I bring my little rascals up,

But will do, when he's grown up."

The moral you can well say,

To keep the rascals from spoiling,

Little cost, I think, is—

I keep the rascals from spoiling.

And now my friend, you excuse

My lips, and my manners;

I, for this once, have done my best;

And so I'll make my manners.

## THE FIVE SENSES.

The five senses have each a special function to perform in attracting and impelling man to fulfil his destiny of Overseer and Harmonist of the Globe.

The Senses or Taars, which finds its gratification and delight in agreeable flavors, attracts man to the cultivation and improvement of the fruits, grains, vegetables, spices, wines, oils, and other products which please his palate and serve him as food. He cannot possess these products without cultivating them, and in cultivating them he is led to the improvement and embellishment of the earth. Man is omnivorous; his palate harmonizes with nearly all the flavors of Nature; and not with one or two like that of the animal. This Universality of Taste in man was given him to secure the cultivation of all the various edible andimentary products of the earth, from the fruits and spices of the Tropics to the grains and vegetables of the temperate zone. Had man been created monivorous—that is, to live like the animal, on one or two products—he would have cultivated those products only, and have covered the earth with them. If he had attracted for bread alone, he would make of the earth one vast wheat-field; if for the potato, one great potato-patch. Without this universality in the sense of Taste, the globe would present in its culture an unbroken scene of monotony and uniformity; most of the creations in the vegetable, and many in the animal kingdom, would be neglected, and finally become extinct.

The Senses or Taars, which finds its delight in agreeable perfumes, attracts man to the cultivation of the flowers, plants, shrubs, gums, etc., which yield such perfumes. Taste having no affinity for these products, another sense intervenes to establish the relation between them and man, and to secure at the hand of the Terrestrial Overseer, their cultivation and development.

The Senses or Taars, which finds its delight in agreeable colors, attracts man to the cultivation of the flowers, plants, shrubs, gums, etc., which yield such perfumes. Taste having no affinity for these products, another sense intervenes to establish the relation between them and man, and to secure at the hand of the Terrestrial Overseer, their cultivation and development.

The Senses or Taars, which finds its delight in agreeable sounds; spread over the entire body, it places the nervous sensibility of man in contact with matter, and compels him for his protection and gratification to provide himself with comfortable locomotion, to invent comfortable means of locomotion, and to adapt to its requirements all material objects which come in contact with his body. The demands of this sense impel man to grow the cottons, the wool, the flax, etc., with which the other sense—Taste, Sight, Smell, Hearing—have no affinity. Were it not for the sense of Touch, a wide range of products in the three kingdoms would be neglected, leaving so many blanks in the great field of Nature. The tactile sense is destined also to exercise a powerful influence upon the general cultivation of the globe by inducing man to improve the climate—to temper the atmosphere, which is the great external dress of all animated nature, and upon the state of which his comfort and well-being so much depend. Man can perfect the climatic system, which is a department of Nature under his control, by an intelligent and scientific cultivation of the globe; and in future ages, this important work will enter largely into the industrial policy of nations.

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# THE SATURDAY PRESS.

Mrs. Jane Emma Locke, an author of some repute, died in Ashburnham, Mass., on the 12th inst. She has contributed largely to our periodical literature, and published, several years since, a small volume of poetry. Among her unpublished manuscripts is a carefully prepared statistical essay upon pauperism in Massachusetts.

During the coming season, says the Boston *Transcript*, a novel is to appear in England, and simultaneously from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in America, which from its authorship will command immediate attention, and from its power will produce a very marked and wide-spread sensation. The title of the book is *The Recounting of Geoffrey Hamlyn*. We speak from authority when we promise to the reading public a remarkable volume. During the past Winter it has been the talk of the London Club, the manuscript having been read by various parties in the literary circles of England. The writer bears a name of the highest mark in authorship.

The following graceful poem from the April number of the *Atlantic* is supposed to be a tribute to JAMES RICHELL LOWELL, whose birthday was recently celebrated in Boston by a select company of the poet's friends:

## A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE BY THE "PROFESSOR."

We will speak of years to night:  
What have years to bring,  
But larger floods of love and light  
And sweater songs to sing?

We will not drown in words of praise  
The kindly thoughts that rise;  
Heaven's own hand has held us safe,  
And he the trustiest's robust clasp.

That locks our circling band.  
Strength to his hours of many toil!  
Poes to his starlit dreams!  
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,  
The music-hall, the star?

Expect to keep forever bright  
The sunburst of his life,  
And faith, that sees the ring of light  
Round Nature's last eclipse!

## Dramatic Feuilleton.

A Clear Intrusion.  
The Editor of THE SATURDAY PRESS has some remarkable things. He calls them ideas.

I have my private opinion on the subject, and I hold the Editor in the uttermost contempt.

I believe the public joins me in these sentiments.

I appeal, then, confidently, to the public, and I ask seriously, what it thinks of an Editor who wishes to write in his own paper?

Right! It is insanity, and it must be humored. I will permit him to air his little ideas in these sacred leaves. I am magnanimous.

Still another intrusion. It appears that my remarks of last week upon the French Theatre have stirred up some of the English actors to exceeding wrath. All the greenrooms said, there's a fellow writing a lot of nonsense on a subject of which he knows nothing. And the greenrooms had a champion.

Sir Dion de Bourcoullet, armed capape, bristling with points, sprang gallantly into the columns of the lively *Trans*, and in a clever article contradicts, altogether, the statements of the asthetic Fry, which were printed in the same columns a few days before. Uses the sovereign "we," does Sir Dion, and appends the magic initials of his name to the article as well.

Now I really don't intend to reply to the man who writes that there is "more than one company" in this city better than the French. There is no such thing as a good company here, and has not been for several seasons, because managers, to satisfy private prejudices, exile the best artists to the provinces, and this Mr. Bourcoullet knows well enough.

But the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* has taken up the glove, and in a very Frenchy and untranslatable way, as follows:

Un article remarquable—où nous avons cru reconnaître la touche du critique d'un de nos plus grandes feuilles quotidiennes—n'oublions pas dans le *Saturday Press* l'écrivain qui s'est gâté dans la *Trans* d'hier matin. Pourquoi? W. H. F. a été un étranger à tout ce qui concerne la scène! Non! Il a écrit mal! Il est assurément malin, mais il a plongé dans l'écriture, mal à propos, dans l'écriture, nous a particulièrement frappé par la vivacité de la forme en même temps que par le valeur du fonds.

L'opinion ainsi exprimée paraît toutefois avoir évidemment certaines amours-propre, si nous en jugeons par une curieuse épître qui s'est gâtée dans la *Trans* d'hier matin. Pourquoi? W. H. F. a été un étranger à tout ce qui concerne la scène! Alors même que son petit article devait-il ne serait pas signé? Non! Il a écrit mal! Il est assurément malin, mais il a plongé dans l'écriture, mal à propos, dans l'écriture, nous a particulièrement frappé par la vivacité de la forme en même temps que par le valeur du fonds.

Que M. le Professeur Ben est n'est pas une Déjanté, mais bien une *sous-œuvre* historique!

3. Que les costumes des *Prémisses armes de Richelieu* étaient un contre-sens historique!

4. Que la pièce était mal mise en scène!

Certes, nous ne nous attendions pas à celesse-la. Mais il faut passer quelque chose à l'amour-propre, surtout quand il est double et doublement vaincu. Alors même que son petit article devait-il ne serait pas signé?

Il a écrit mal! Il est assurément malin, mais il a plongé dans l'écriture, mal à propos, dans l'écriture, nous a particulièrement frappé par la vivacité de la forme en même temps que par le valeur du fonds.

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3. Que les costumes étaient mal mis en scène!

4. Que la pièce était mal mise en scène!

The performance of *Les Premières armes de Richelieu*, upon which Mr. Bourcoullet's article was founded, was not equal to that of *Un Chambellan de Mme.* but was still fair. The new soubrette, Ben, has the misfortune to be fat. Think of the Marshal Duke of Richelieu being fat! Why, he would have killed himself if he had ever turned one hundred and twenty pounds avorodipole. I have seen the rôle played with more gaiety, and its idiocy—made more strongly marked than by M. le Prof. Ben, but I still believe that M. le Prof. Ben is a good artist, although not a soubrette-Déjanté, an artist whose is not very plenty even in France, where there is any given quantity of all sorts of women—except pretty ones.

The name of Déjanté alone, raises one's expectations to a dangerous pitch. It recalls reminiscences of the most mischievous, the most gallant, the most naive, in fact, everything the most French in the world. Déjanté was and is now the incarnation and the type of Parisian deviltry, of all the fascinations of that wicked capital which the Reverend Crewe-Cheesee preaches so prettily against at home, and enjoys so much when he goes abroad.

But I forget the Editor. There, go ahead.

## The Editor's "Ideas."

[Instigated by the —, no, that would be profane, but by our dramatic critic, which is about the same thing—we went the other night to the French Theatre. The play was *Les Premières armes de Richelieu*; the youthful Duke being represented (incarnated), would perhaps be the better word, by M. le Prof. Ben, who made her debut on the occasion. To the best of our poor judgment, the performance was a failure, though *Prémisses* who ought to know (though he doesn't), says it was "fair." If he had said "from fair to middling," we should have had more latitude of interpretation, and might have agreed with him. But then we had a bad seat, and couldn't hear two words that were spoken. All vocal effects were, in consequence, wasted upon us. We had to hear with our eyes, and the gas holes were not easy. It wasn't our fault that we had a bad seat, for the parquette being full, and all the boxes (prior to the place of boxes at the Théâtre Français) being taken for weeks ahead—according to the *pré-souscription* story—we had to put up with a place in the common four-all-

ling part of the house provided for the vile multitude, and by some acoustic fact, so arranged that the noise can be heard there except disputes at the door, which, though they may be dramatic (as everything French is), are not particularly interesting.

We had, therefore, to rely for our enjoyment, upon the use of our eyes, and according to their judgment, which may have been perverted by the flickering of the lights—the play was not only badly acted, but indifferently "mounted." In fact, everything pertaining strictly to the stage-business was such as in any theatre in Paris would be promptly put down; was such, in fact, as would not be tolerated in any respectable theatre even in New York. This is all we have to say, and if *Prémisses* differs with us in opinion, so much the worse for him. The chief amusement we got in return for our money was the spectacle offered by the various grades of usher (or pur-operators), each *couer/refreshment* door, and all running frantically about the house as if the existence of the world to wit, France depended on their keeping in swift and perpetual motion. 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## THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

BY IRA CRAIG, AUTHOR OF THE MUNIC PRICE POEM.

A stillness crept about the house:  
At eventide, in moonlight pale,  
Upon the silent hills looked forth.  
The many windowed House of Quair.

The peacefulness the servants found,

Browed on the lawns the timid heart,

The garden in the shade of the averse.

The house by the sheltered House of Quair.

The gate was still; around its brim

The silence sickened all the air;

There came no murmur from the streams,

Through high flowered Lettice, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wreathed pace,

And make no sound and no repair,

To cover all of green or gold.

While winter sleep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,

And wears maiden-like and fair,

And day by day they seek the paths

About the lonely lands of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,

The Somers clouds reflected there,

The maiden loves the green dreams,

The young o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Or off in pallid velvet clad,

Set many in the oaken chair,

Like many a dame of her ancient name,

The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter "broodied by her side,

With heavy drooping golden hair,

And listened to her frequent moan;

"I fare the brides that come to Quair."

For more than one hath lived to pine,

I had not in my heart a share,

And now—may God be with me ill—

They brother bade his bride to Quair."

She came, that kissed her on the bairn,

They led her to her chamber high,

The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,

And mark the scene how passing fair,

Among whose ways the Wife of Quair.

"Fair," she said, "on looking forth,

She looked the love she did not speak,

And broke the ancient curse on Quair;

"Wherever he dwells, where'er he goes,

His dangers and his toils I share."

What need be said?—she was one

Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

## CATS.

(From "Shadow and Substance," by Robert B. Brough.)

In France, the cat is the conventional type of gracefulness, occupying the position in poetical imagery which we are fated to award to the outlandish and unfamiliar gazelle. A French lover will call his mistress *ma chatte*. He will compliment her upon her catlike movements and her catlike eyes, and the lady will be delighted. Let an English lover make the experiment of calling the idol of his affections a cat. It is probable that he would specially have ocular and angular demonstration of the fitness of his comparison in a manner more startling than agreeable!

With us, the cat is merely the type of all that is treacherous, selfish, and cruel. We tolerate cats; we feed, encourage, and in many cases pet them; but this is either from purely disinterested benevolence, or, more generally, from utilitarian considerations, the becoming characteristic of a nation of shopkeepers. The cat is a good mouser, and we pay her for her services—as we pay the hangman, and with about the same respect as we feel towards that sometimes useful functionary. As a people, we dislike cats. Our instinctive repugnance to the species is apt to vent itself, at the unseasoning period of youth, in potashous, brimstone, "chivies," and too often in the torture of the walnut-shell boot. In mature life, it is not without a magnanimous effort that the most humanely disposed Briton can bring himself to call a favorite *terrier* or "peppy bull" off the scent of a flying Grimaldin. When this effort has been made and attended with success, the glow of conscious rectitude produced by it is insufficient compensation for the pang of remorse resulting from a feeling of having "spoiled sport." The midnight reveller, returning from the festive gathering with his heart warmed, as he fancies, towards all animated nature, cannot resist the impulse to hazard his precious latchkey, or still more cherished cutty pipe, in a "cock-shy" at any unfortunate tortoise-shell or tabby who may happen to cross his path!

There are a thousand reasons why Britons, of all people in the world, should dislike cats. In his historic and legendary love we find the species mixed up with all kinds of unpleasant associations. The favorite incarnation of a witch's familiar spirit was in the form of a black cat. In primitive districts the cat has still a reputation scarcely less horrible than that of the fabulous ghoul or vampire. Old-fashioned names, in such places, will still deprive their sleeping charges the benefit of fresh air, even in the hottest season, by carefully closing door, window, and fireplace, lest a strange cat should get in and "suck the breath" of the innocent darling. There was a dreadful nursery legend of our infancy, commencing thus alarmingly: "And the white cat sat on the cold, cold copper, and began to tear and tear—." We never heard any more. We were always in the dark as to the origin of the horrible business, and have not the slightest recollection of its dénouement. Perhaps it had none. Perhaps we systematically closed our senses to it, as people will hold their ears in an artillery ground, or their nose when approaching the Thames. At any rate, we remember it used to frighten us dreadfully; and that when a pretty minx of a Quakeress—our senior cousin—used to begin narrating it for our especial horror and discomfiture, we scarcely knew which to hate most, cat or pretty Quaker cousin. It should be stated, however, that the emotion with respect to pretty Quaker cousin was invariably evanescent.

Again, in this salt-water drenched country, nothing can ever become really popular that is an object of dislike to the seafaring classes. And Jack holds odds of every description, whether with nine tails or only one, in about the same esteem as that in which a certain nameless potentate (asserted by Shakespeare to be a gentleman, but on whose behalf nobody else—Uncle Toby and Robert Burns excepted—has ever been known to speak a civil word) is reported to hold holy water. Infatuated authors have in this; as in other matters, ceased and desisted the popular feeling. The third mewing of a blinded cat is the signal of assemblage for that weird subbas wherein Macbeth is hopefully drawn on to his confusion. Meroë might have lived to wear a wig, and go to court on crutches, had he not needlessly insulted the already infirmite (but perhaps otherwise placid) Tybalt by calling him the "king of cats," than which the British poet could evidently conceive no greater outrage. Mr. Dickens may be said to have tied several烹imentary烹istles to the cat's already overcharged tail. He cannot introduce Mr. Carter withoutounding his dog Dignus or that designing personage with the cry of "B-e-l-i-cate, boy, cat!" while the marine-store keeper's cat in Black House is the most dromonic quadruped we ever met with. The proverb that "catt killed the cat" could not have originated anywhere but in England, for there is no other known country wherein the cat has such a hard time of it. Altogether the cat may be said to have made a serious mistake in naturalizing herself (for with us the cat is, by long-established precedent, conventionally feminine) in a community so little disposed to appreciate any latent excellencies she may possess.

Very different is the position of Ormskirk, who, like another celebrated member of the Rat-catching family, "lives under the side of the water." There, the cat is a dignified personage, respected by all who know her (observe the transition to the masculine gender, if you will be so kind, reader). The French believe in him, and swear by him. They have discovered in him various underlying attributes, to the development of which it may be observed British cat is lamentably unprepared. They desire him to be affectionate, intelligent, and even witty. What Englishman ever saw anything to laugh at in a cat, who had

left off being a kitten?—But in France the cat—except the place of *Toby* in the *French* and *Judy* show, which popular entertainment is there named in his honor *Le Chat du Chat* (*The Comedy of the Cat*)—Ay, and he is the hero of many a capital story. Witness "Puss in Boots," which we will translate, against all comers, to be the best romance of pure adventure (not impaled on the skewer of a moral eye written). That story could never have been composed; as we have it, by an Englishman. If Charles Perrault had been a native of those isles, and the marquises of Cavares a British people, the *Male Chat* would infallibly have been a canine instead of a feline personage. But a Frenchman's dog is his cat. And a good omen of cats and fairy tales, reader, may take our word for it that any legend of that description which may have excited your early imagination, and in which a cat is brought honorably, or even merely prominently forward, is as certainly a specimen of "fair adaptation or imitation" from the French as the last new and original comedy it may have been your fortune to sigh over upon the stage of a London Theatre Royal. The conduct and development of the *White Cat* (an animal which had been straying for many years without an owner in this country until recognized by M. Pouchet) as the property of the Countess D'Ansay, and by him most honorably and gracefully restored to that lady) are essentially satisfactory to British feelings. We ourselves always had a latent conviction, that after the prince had cut off the White Cat's head and tail, and thrown them into the fire, the lately enchanted princess, restored by this eccentric process to her original form, yet retained many of her feline attributes; that she was unpleasantly light-haired, and had pink eyelids; that she was given to sniffling and sneezing, and afraid to put her delicate paws upon the wholesome moist earth; that she was and good-natured young puppy, her rescuer, must have led rather a cat-and-dog sort of life together; that she would, perhaps, sit on his velveted-kneed knee in his place on the throne of his ancestors, and purr agreeably enough so long as he maintained her in a comfortable position; but that, if he made a single movement calculated to distract or upset her for a moment, she would stick her claws in him, and spit savagely in his face; that she would have been a dangerous sort of princess, generally, for anybody to "rough up the wrong way"; that she may have been remarkably attentive to her toilet, and purr in her general behavior, but that she was a *Household Word*, to forward whatever he felt willing to give to it, without delay, to the writer's address of a few shillings. He then enclosed his manuscript with a note to Mr. Dickens, requesting him, if he thought the paper worthy of admission to the pages of *Household Words*, to forward whatever he felt willing to give to it, without delay, to the writer's address of a few shillings. He then enclosed his manuscript with a note to Mr. Dickens, requesting him, if he thought the paper worthy of admission to the pages of *Household Words*, to forward whatever he felt willing to give to it, without delay, to the writer's address of a few shillings. He then enclosed his manuscript with a note to Mr. Dickens, requesting him, if he thought the paper worthy of admission to the pages of *Household Words*, to forward whatever he felt willing to give to it, without delay, to the writer's address of a few shillings. 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